

# THE RCM MAGAZINE



VOL 3 EASTER  
No 2 TERM 1907





# THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &  
PRESENT STUDENTS and  
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE  
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ  
of THE R.C.M. UNION..*

*'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'*

## CONTENTS

---

	PAGE
EDITORIAL ... ..	33
THE R.C.M. UNION ... ..	36
A NAVAL SING-SONG—M. H. ... ..	38
TO A VIOLIN—MISS MARION M. SCOTT ... ..	42
THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC FROM WITHIN— EARLY DAYS—ONE OF THE FIRST SCHOLARS ... ..	42
COLLEGE CONCERTS ... ..	47
ANTONIN DVOŘÁK—THOMAS F. DUNHILL ... ..	49
THE ROYAL COLLEGIAN ABROAD ... ..	53
SONNET ... ..	58
IVAN—BY AN OLD STUDENT ... ..	58
'THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE' ... ..	61
THE TERM'S AWARDS ... ..	62



## Editorial.

*"Dissonant chords beget divinest harmonies".—LEWIS MORRIS.*

On a previous occasion we have commented upon the good feeling which obtains between the heads of our institution and the Royal Academy of Music, and we are reminded once more of its existence by the advent of Sir A. C. Mackenzie at the end of the term as outside examiner for the College orchestra. Such a pleasing indication can only be acceptable to those who have the best interests of College or Academy at heart and the measure of enthusiasm evoked by Sir Alexander's presence can have left him in no manner of doubt as to the kindly feelings which exist amongst our students towards their friends at Tenterden Street.

It is true that we are rivals; but as we know more of each other the rivalry is likely to become an increasingly healthy stimulus to greater endeavour on both sides. The competitive element, we believe, enters as little into the Academy scheme of work as it does into ours. The relative position of one student with regard to another is, in the majority of cases, of very little moment even to the students themselves, and the maintenance of a high standard is probably the only object which either Professors or Students have in mind in the course of a year's work. Between two such schools rivalry can never become petty. We wish good luck to a friendly warfare, and may the laurels be ever changing hands.

\* \* \*

The Academy has recently sustained a severe loss in the death of Mr Thomas Threlfall, who was intimately associated with the institution for many years as a Director, and who filled the important position of Chairman of the Committee of Management.

Mr Threlfall was also, during a period of ten years, Chairman of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., in which capacity his keenness to promote the best interests of music, his great business ability and his general kindness of disposition, were as warmly appreciated by the members of the Board representing the College as by his

own colleagues of the Academy. He was, in fact, one of those who did most to maintain the pleasant relations above mentioned as subsisting between the two great Music Schools. He was a very frequent attendant at College Concerts and Operas, and never failed to express in warm terms his generous appreciation of any good work done by the College. His death is a loss to the Academy in which the College may warmly and sincerely sympathize.

By the death of Sir August Manns the College has lost a friend who took a warm interest in all that concerned its welfare. Of course, his absence was felt particularly at the end of the Easter term, when he had been accustomed to examine the orchestra. His kindly, and almost paternal speech at the conclusion of the examination was always looked forward to, and his loss is one that leaves a real blank in College life.

Another friend of the College, though one who figured less prominently in the eyes of the Students, was the late Mr Otto Goldschmidt, a member of the Council from the time when the Institution was founded. He was always keenly interested in its progress, and his wife, Madame Jenny Lind, was from 1883 to 1886 on the teaching-staff. Mr Goldschmidt was the first conductor of the Bach Choir, and he had the honour of giving the first performance in England of the B minor Mass. However little or much they may have been known to us personally, we think of these greater ones as of those who have been amongst us and of us; and we honour their memory, not because they are gone, but because their lives were ever an incentive to do well.

\* \* \*

Probably for the last time the College Concert Criticisms are to form the subject of Editorial comment, and for the very excellent reason that they will no longer be seen in our pages. We have at other times clearly expressed our own opinions with regard to their desirability or otherwise, and have nothing to add to what we have already said on the matter.

After our impassioned entreaty two terms ago, we can only feel rather badly left in the lurch, now that we are assured beyond doubting that the criticisms have been generally unpopular. Some explanation of their final disappearance is due to our readers, so without going



unnecessarily into details of all the circumstances which have led to the Committee's decision, we may say that in view of certain representations which eventually have been made, it has been decided in the best interests of everybody concerned to discontinue personal criticisms in the Magazine. In brief we have decided to be good, if dull.

By an unfortunate concatenation of circumstances, we have been further deprived this term of a large portion of the regular supply of matter upon which we rely to make our pages interesting to the average reader. The History Lectures and Patron's Fund Concert have been conspicuous by their absence, and we are left practically only with news under the heading of 'The Royal Collegian Abroad.' Fortunately timely assistance has been forthcoming in this direction, and owing to the efforts of one of the most energetic of our friends, we are able to give a more than usually long list of interesting items. The little tale which appears in the present number, and which has ostensibly nothing at all to do with music, we should say here is not intended to be a permanent feature, and only finds a place at all as the work of an Old Collegian, before we are able to remodel our contents page in accordance with the prevailing requirements.

Speaking of the column devoted to 'The Royal Collegian Abroad' reminds us to say that it has sometimes occurred to us to wonder why, from amongst the many hundreds of Royal Collegians who could supply interesting items about themselves and their work, we have usually had so little matter to fill the space devoted to their record. No satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon had presented itself until the same energetic friend mentioned above suggested that the title was at fault. The weak spot became apparent at once. The good informant has not been diffident or shy as might have been supposed, but has been under the curious impression that being at home he is not abroad. 'Abroad' does not mean abroad—it simply means 'at large.' Still we can hardly venture to alter our title to 'The Royal Collegian At Large.' So many misinterpretations might be put upon it, and one cannot be too careful nowadays. It might be supposed that the College was a sort of asylum with its inmates carefully guarded by well-appointed warders. Whereas, we need hardly say, nothing of the kind exists; and it would be fatal if the impression were to get abroad of The Royal Collegian out of

bounds as a species of idiot who mows and gibbers and tears his carefully uncut and uncombed locks. So we will not run the risk of altering our title, preferring rather to hope that our careful explanation will inspire confidence, and induce those who know of interesting items concerning themselves or their fellows to send them, and leave reputations in our hands!

\* \* \*

We are glad to be able to call attention to the new Concert scheme of Mr T. F. Dunhill, which has for its primary object the second performance of English works, which have been *successfully* produced. The Concerts will not, however, be absolutely devoted to British music or modern music, and it is welcome news for the audience that each programme will contain compositions of standard and acknowledged excellence. Mr Dunhill's heartiest endeavour, we are sure, will be to avoid any special school, clique, or *coterie*. There is every prospect of the Concerts being representative of all that is best in English music to-day, irrespective of the promoter's or anybody else's tastes or whims. There is attraction enough here; and, since general interest is all that is required to establish the scheme, we need hardly do more than ask all Royal Collegians, who are able to do so, to see that their presence at the concerts is given in support—even though they may have no successful works to be performed. The dates of the Concerts will, we understand, be Friday evenings, June 7, 14, and 21, in the Small Queen's Hall.

### The R.C.M. Union.

*"Sympathy is a thing to be encouraged, apart from humane considerations, because it supplies us with the materials for wisdom."*—R. L. STEVENSON.

#### SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The principal Union event of last term was the Annual General Meeting, which took place at College on January 9th, in the Concert Hall, and both from the social and business points of view it proved very satisfactory. There was but a single matter for regret, yet that was a universal one, for it was the unavoidable absence of the President, Sir Hubert Parry. The Hall had been arranged so that one end



served as a reception room, with a few groups of chairs dotted about, and a long tea-table under the Council Gallery, prettily decorated with red and white flowers—the Union colours. Here the Members assembled as they arrived, tea and coffee were served from 4.15 to 5.0, and talk was the order of the day. Ex-students met friends of their own time, present Collegians found many acquaintances, and both past and present came most pleasantly into touch with each other. Indeed, the informal tea party was a distinct success, if one may judge by the large attendance of members, and the cheery sound of conversation. At 5 o'clock, everyone adjourned to the other end of the Hall for the business Meeting. In the absence of the President, the chair was taken by Mr Pownall, and when he proposed that a telegram should be sent, conveying the good wishes of the Meeting, to Sir Hubert Parry, the response was enthusiastic and unanimous. The Minutes of the previous Meeting were read, the Report and Balance Sheet for the year were presented and adopted, and the items on the Agenda paper duly discussed; while the delightful speeches made by the Chairman and Sir Walter Parratt were greatly appreciated.

#### R.C.M. UNION 'AT HOME.'

An 'At Home' will be held in the Concert Hall at College on the evening of Thursday, June 27th, on the same lines as the one given last summer, and a Sub-Committee has been appointed to make the arrangements. The 'At Home' will be included in the ordinary Union subscription, and all Members are invited to attend. Full particulars will be sent out in due course, and notices also posted on the Notice boards at College.

#### MUSICAL EVENINGS.

So many Members have expressed a wish that there might be more frequent Meetings, that the Committee have resolved to try the plan of holding Musical Evenings from time to time at the houses of those Members who would be most kindly willing to lend their drawing-rooms for the purpose. Several offers of drawing-rooms have already been received, and two experimental evenings will be given during the summer-time. The Hon. Secretaries wish to take this opportunity of explaining that as the Membership is now so large, it will not be

possible to invite every Member to every Musical Evening, on account of the comparatively limited space available in a drawing-room. But a plan has been devised whereby Members will be invited in rotation, so that in course of time everyone will be included, and meanwhile the Hon. Secretaries beg that those who may not receive invitations to the earlier Meetings will understand that no slight is intended! It is only the sheer force of circumstances which necessitates this arrangement, and the division of numbers.

MARION M. SCOTT,

A. BEATRIX DARNELL,

*Hon. Secretaries.*

---

### **A Naval Sing-Song**

The hall where it is held was hardly built for sound, and yet it serves its purpose very well. Willing hands have cleared the upper deck of the battleship, stretched the awning over it, and decorated it gaily with flags.

They have erected a platform, and arranged rows of chairs—equivalent to the stalls in a London concert hall, where the guests and hosts will sit; but there is also the equivalent of a London gallery.

Behind the stalls, above the big guns which even the resourceful sailors cannot manage to hide or disguise, rises the barquette—and here the bluejackets and marines throng, eager and excited. The boats arrive in quick succession alongside the ship, bringing the guests from the shore, and at last everyone is seated, and the sing-song begins.

The first item on the programme is a 'Selection—by the Band.' This ship's band is considered a very good one, and the officers are proud of it. It consists of five 1st and four 2nd violins, two 'cellos, a double bass, a piccolo, a flute, an oboe, two clarinets, a cornet, and a trombone. The players and conductor are Maltese; you will see this if you look at them, but you hear it even more, in their first 'Selection', which happens to be airs from the 'Yeomen of the Guard.'

They play this English music with southern languor and emotion. It is singularly incongruous; but fortunately few people present notice this, and those who do, enjoy the unconscious assertion of national temperament. The selection is duly applauded,—for this simple



audience has come to be entertained, not to criticise,—and the next performer, a bluejacket, comes on to the platform. There is vociferous applause from the gallery—for this is their own particular star, Brown, A.B., and an exponent of the serious songs beloved of the bluejacket. For seamen only enjoy three classes of songs—the tragic sentimental, the song known to them as ‘comic’, and the good old sea songs of which they can roar the choruses.

Brown is famed for his rendering of ‘His Mother’s Grave’, and this is what he sings to-night. He has a loud, strong voice, with singular sustaining power, and many a concert-singer might envy the ease with which he prolongs his wailing notes. He never varies his tones. Every note is of exactly the same quality and of nearly the same length.

The gallery is entranced, and only the tact of the concert-manager prevents Brown from giving an encore. The stalls are passive. They knew what to expect, and they take it as a necessary part of the sing-song. Who comes next? A major of Marines, who is going to sing ‘Ethiopia saluting the Colours’. He has refused to allow the band to play for him (and has been voted a fool by his brother officers, who have tried to convince him that nineteen instruments *must* be better than one) and has insisted on the ship’s doctor practising the piano accompaniment for weeks beforehand.

The major has a fine voice, and at one time of his life he had some training. He has the spirit of a true musician; and, in spite of odds, he sings good songs, and sings them well. But the audience only applaud politely—they don’t quite understand the song, and are vaguely uneasy at the singer’s earnestness.

The next man removes their uneasiness entirely. His song is from a musical comedy; his singing is loud, bold, and utterly expressionless. He may be said to do his duty. He was sent up on the platform because he had a big voice, could sing in tune, and spoke his words clearly. He fulfils all these expectations like a well conducted officer, and is heartily applauded.

Here comes the man who is getting up this concert,—he is going to sing in a vocal quartet. He is a spare, wiry-looking man, with a square forehead, keen eyes, and a very firm chin—one of the men

who is born to command. You musicians in towns, who have your trials and worries in getting up a concert with good material to hand, pity the promoter of a sing-song! For weeks he has patiently drilled his quartet. The major, as baritone, was a 'stand-by', but it took such a weary time to teach the other two even the right notes; and when they knew their parts separately and began to practise together they poached on each other's preserves in a lamentable way. But their leader never lost patience—if he had, they would probably have thrown up their parts. By sheer force of will he compelled them to learn and sing that quartet—not only in tune, but with spirit.

The four come gravely on to the platform—so anxious to do well, —but at the first notes of the band three of them grow perceptibly nervous. For the bandmaster has got excited, and his men are hopelessly out of hand. Only the leader of the quartet keeps his head perfectly. He steps slightly forward, and begins to sing with exaggerated accent, moving his forefinger slightly but sharply in front of the band. The three other singers have obeyed and followed him implicitly for weeks, and the habit conquers even platform nervousness and a wavering band.

They hear his clear incisive notes, they remember what he told them to do, and they do it, ignoring the band entirely. So, in spite of a disgraceful accompaniment, the quartet is a pronounced success, and the singers tramp off the platform with the look of men who have tried to do their duty. It would take a wise man to determine why the audience—both stalls and gallery—are so pleased with this quartet. Is it the love that everyone instinctively has of hearing the harmonious blending of different qualities of voices? Is it that they admire the courage that could surmount the difficulties of training unmusical people to sing well and tunelessly together? Is it—low be it spoken—that Sullivan's beautiful 'Madrigal' is not too painfully classic?

There is no time for such musings now; the gallery is in a violent state of excitement, for just at this moment the band strikes up the introduction to the next song, and a curious figure comes on to the stage. Dressed in an old top hat and frock coat, no collar on, his nose painted bright red and his jaw dark blue—who would recognise Stoker Smith if his name were not on the programme? He is the wit of the lower deck,



and many of those seated in the stalls are secretly looking forward to a good laugh.

'Adam Missed It' is a comic song,—and, as everyone knows, there are certain men who can make even an ordinary comic song funny, and Stoker Smith is one of these. The applause is so deafening, that he has to yield to the gallery and give an encore, and as this encore has a chorus the gallery takes it up, and the ship rings with hoarse shouts of

' Oh, she loved 'im,  
Still she loved 'im '.

Are there any who think that the tone of this entertainment (musically) has sunk rather low? Wait a moment, the worst is yet to come, for a tenor steps up. His voice is weak, his intonation is doubtful, and his song is 'Sing me to Sleep'. That is all that can be said—but the audience are quite pleased. One more song, and then the first part of the programme will be over.

The second part contains no musical performance—except for 'God Save the King' at the end of the evening. It consists of a little play which the officers have got up—in which midshipmen take the parts of girls, reminding one of the early days of play acting.

But now for this last song. It is well known to all the audience. The singer, a sturdy young officer with a big untrained voice, accompanies himself on the piano. He could not do this if the accompaniment were an ordinary one, but it simply consists of a few desultory chords, and he knows just where he wants them planted. He sings an old sea-song, and he sings it as a sailor should—boldly and clearly, and with such spirit that the audience is stirred as perhaps nothing else could stir them. All the men on the barbette, all the officers below, shout the chorus as one man. There are six verses, and the singer goes steadily through them all, and the enthusiasm grows stronger as the song goes on, until, when it ends, there is no question as to an encore. The man doesn't attempt to leave the platform. He strikes another chord, he begins another song, and the last you hear of this Sing-Song is a chorus known and loved by all these men, shouted by hundreds of voices, and you learn that

' From Ushant to Scilly is forty-five leagues ',  
which, as some sailors will tell you, is not quite a correct calculation.

M. H.

**To a Violin**

Slender of shape, and clad in sober brown,  
 (Just as the nightingale wears no bright suit,)  
 This violin has come from far a-down  
 The mellowing years, that gave it summer's crown  
 Of full perfection, like a ripened fruit.

First as a tree, played on by sun and rain,  
 Its living fibres grew on some tall hill  
 That sentinels the south, and then was slain  
 That so by dying it might live again,  
 And learn to voice a clearer music still.

So came the violin to take its part,  
 With its strange life beyond the life of man,  
 Mingled with his, intimate of his heart,  
 Symbol and singer of his purest art,  
 Voice of a vision vaster than words span.

Yet ever friend—the violin is friend,  
 And sings for all of what they love the best;  
 Sings of the mountain and the sunset's end,  
 Sings of proud life, where joy and sorrow blend,  
 Sings for the heartsick of celestial rest.

—MARION M. SCOTT.

**The Royal College of Music from Within****EARLY DAYS**

*"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours."—YOUNG.*

It may interest readers of the Magazine to know something about the very early days of the College. I propose in the present number to give a short account of these almost prehistoric times, and I think I cannot do better than go back to the beginning.

The College was opened in May, 1883, in the building now occupied by the Royal College of Organists. The pupils at first numbered 92, 50 scholars and 42 paying students, a very creditable number to start with. The preliminary examinations for open scholarships were held in various parts of the country, and I believe I am right in saying that there were over 1,500 candidates in the various centres. These were reduced by examination in London, and the final examination



took place at the Albert Hall in April, 1883. The names of the first 50 scholars are as follows :—

Albu, Julie ... ..	Singing	Inwards, Haydn ... ..	Violin
Aldridge, Amanda ... ..	"	Kellett, Louisa ... ..	Piano
Aubin, Ellen ... ..	Piano	Kreuz, Emil ... ..	Violin
Barât, Francis ... ..	Composition	Laubach, Herbert ... ..	Flute
Barton, Marmaduke ... ..	Piano	MacCunn, James ... ..	Composition
Belcher, Annie ... ..	Singing	Macdonald, Mary C. ... ..	Piano
Bent, Arthur ... ..	Violin	Manning, Edith ... ..	"
Berry, Sarah ... ..	Singing	Oldham, Edith ... ..	"
Brewer, A. Herbert ... ..	Organ	Osborn, Marian ... ..	"
Bulkley, Francis ... ..	Clarinet	Page, Thomas W. ... ..	Singing
Cook, William W. ... ..	Piano	Price, Dan ... ..	"
Crabtree, Lily ... ..	"	Ridding, John ... ..	"
Crowdy, Theresa ... ..	"	Risch, Bertha ... ..	"
Daymond, Emily ... ..	"	Robiolio, Edith ... ..	"
Duncan, William ... ..	Composition	Rush, A. Christopher ... ..	Violin
Fehr, Emily ... ..	Piano	Russell, Anna ... ..	Singing
Field, Joseph T. ... ..	Cello	Sharman, Percy ... ..	Violin
Frost, Thomas ... ..	Singing	Smith, Alice Mary ... ..	Harp
Fry, Annie C. ... ..	Piano	Smith, Arthur W. ... ..	Composition
Grimson, Annie ... ..	"	Squire, William H. ... ..	Cello
Hallett, Beatrice ... ..	"	Stephenson, William ... ..	Violin
Harding, Annie ... ..	Singing	Stewart, Emily ... ..	Singing
Hime, Mabel ... ..	Piano	Suteliffe, Jasper ... ..	Violin
Holden White, Charles ... ..	"	Waddington, Sidney ... ..	Composition
Holiday, Winifred ... ..	Violin	Wood, Charles ... ..	"

The teaching staff of the early days was naturally much smaller than at the present time. It is a matter for sincere congratulation, however, that so large a number of our most valued professors of to-day have been on the College staff ever since the first day of the College life ; and this fact helps enormously towards the maintenance of that great and most important factor, College tradition.

The College Concerts were begun in 1884, the first being on July 2nd of that year. As the College contained no room of sufficient size, Concerts, History Lectures, Choral Class, and Theoretical (paper work) examinations were all held in the West Theatre of the Albert Hall, just opposite the College. It was a curious place, sadly in need, in those days, of a coat of paint ! but it was of the greatest possible service to us, and we have a very affectionate recollection of it. The programme of this first Concert was as follows :—(It will be observed that the style and title of the performers used to be differently stated ; the present eminently sensible custom was begun in October, 1887.

1.	PIANO SOLO	...	...	...	Ballade in A flat	...	...	...	...	<i>Chopin</i>
					MR BARTON					
2.	ARIA	...	...	...	"Dalla sua pace" ( <i>Don Giovanni</i> )	...	...	...	...	<i>Mozart</i>
					MR STUBBS					
3.	PIANO SOLO	...	...	...	"Carnaval"	...	...	...	...	<i>Schumann</i>
					MISS CRABTREE					
4.	SONG	...	...	...	"Thou shalt die" ( <i>Rodelinda</i> )	...	...	...	...	<i>Handel</i>
					MISS DREW					
5.	STRING QUARTET in E flat	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	<i>Haydn</i>
					MESSES KREUZ, BUTCLIFFE, DOLMETSCH, AND FIELD					
6.	SONG	...	...	...	"Che farò" ( <i>Orfeo</i> )	...	...	...	...	<i>Glück</i>
					MISS JANNINGS					
7.	APPASSIONATO E CON ESPRESSIONE AND ALLEGRO	}				...	...	...	...	<i>Schumann</i>
	from Sonata in A minor, PIANO AND VIOLIN									
					MISS DAYMOND AND MISS HOLIDAY					
8.	ARIA	...	...	...	"Perché piangi"	...	...	...	...	<i>Gounod</i>
					MR PRICE					

The first Orchestral Concert was given on December 18th, 1884, the contributions of the Orchestra being Gade's *Novelletten* for Strings, *Serenade in D* for Strings by Fuchs, and *Introduction and Scherzo* for small Orchestra by Dolmetsch.\* This was not, however, the first composition by a pupil to be performed at a Concert, for two songs by Hamish MacCunn had been sung at the previous Concert on Dec. 11th.

The first Annual Examination was held in April, 1884, the outside Examiners being:—

Sir Joseph Barnby

Manuel Garcia, Esq.

Otto Goldschmidt, Esq.

Dr Joseph Joachim

Sir Fredk. Gore Ouseley, Bart.

Sir John Stainer

Our agitation was great, and I remember that Mr Hayles' predecessor of those days, Mr Barnes, sought to re-assure us with the following remark (for the authenticity of which I can vouch, as it was made to myself): 'Never mind; *you* needn't think it hard; at my school we had an Annual Examination every half-year, regularly.' From which we see that the tradition of kindly cheerfulness, so characteristic of that office, was begun, in this rather Irish way, years ago.

The first Public Concert took place on June 24th, 1885, in Prince's Hall, Piccadilly—now no more—by desire of H.R.H. the Prince of

\* Pupil of the College.



Wales (now King Edward VII.) Unfortunately I cannot at the moment find any trace of the Programme of the music performed on this great occasion, but I clearly remember that all the feminine performers (at any rate) wore red and white rosettes, the Danish colours, in honour of the then Princess of Wales (the present Queen); a point which derives its main interest from the fact that the colours and the rosettes have been adopted as the badge of the R.C.M. Union Committee, and are therefore, I suppose, to be considered the College colours.

The first Opera performance took place on July 22nd, 1885, when Acts I. & II. of Mozart's 'Figaro' were performed; about this performance I will not enter into details, as I hope that articles dealing with College Opera and College Concerts in the past will appear in due course in the Magazine.

The first examination for A.R.C.M. was held on April 20th, 1886; 10 candidates passed out of a total entry of 36, 5 of the 10 being pupils of the College.

The Alexandra House was opened in 1887, and the first College Concert in that Concert Hall was given on March 17th, in that year. Previous to 1887, the Council had licensed seven boarding houses, which accommodated a large number of the pupils.

Ensemble Practices were held in the big landing on the top floor of the College; they took place once a week, and were attended by quite a large audience of professors and pupils. Not seldom the Duke of Edinburgh used to come and listen, and I remember that the present King and Queen used occasionally to pay visits to the College, and come in to our lessons, at which times terrified students were sometimes called upon to play to them. Personally, I never had anything quite ready.

In order to relieve, somewhat, these dry statements of historical facts, I may be permitted to mention one rather odd incident that occurred early in our first year. The day was a fine Saturday morning just before Choral Class. In those days of few pupils and great fervour, Choral Class was the occasion for everyone who had any claim to a voice to present himself or herself in the West Theatre, not only to sing (if possible) but because the first part of the Class was what would now be called a combination of Dr. Read's and Sir Walter's Music Classes;

we all sat there and learned rudiments and did Musical Dictation. Incidentally I may remark that to this day I remember the pathetic appeals made to us by Dr. Faning who then ruled over us :—‘Has anyone the rhythm and not the pitch? Has anyone the pitch and not the rhythm? Let us try to get an approximation to accuracy’! The first tune we ever had to write down from dictation, by the way, was the tune from the Choral Symphony; it seems strange, but quite a number of us had not heard it. After these preliminaries came the singing. To return to my incident, after this long digression. As we stood inside College doors waiting to go across, a lady came up to the doors. ‘Is the Prince of Wales here to-day?’ she asked. We replied that it was not his day, but that the Director was, if that would do. ‘I am sorry he is not here’, she said, ‘because I know he would give my daughter a scholarship if he heard her play. She plays the ‘*Harmonious Blacksmith*’, which is Arabella Goddard’s own piece, and many other pieces of Handel’s she plays, beautifully’. College was young, its pupils were young, and we smiled. ‘But’, the lady went on, sweeping a contemptuous and comprehensive arm round towards the whole company of us, ‘I can see by you that they are not ladies and gentlemen here, with whom I should wish *my* daughter to associate’. And she turned and went. So our unlucky smiles lost to the College, as far as we know, a lady whose repertoire, if limited, was commendably solid.

The College soon outgrew its accommodation, and extra rooms were taken in the Albert Hall Mansions in which Harmony and Counterpoint Classes were held. In 1894 the present building was opened, the special ode performed on this occasion being composed by Dr. Wood (then only Mus. Bac.) to words specially written by Mr Swinburne.

Well within the memory of many of us the new Concert Hall was opened on June 13, 1901, and the ode on this occasion was composed by our present Director, Sir Hubert Parry.

It is time that I brought this garrulous account of first things to a close. Perhaps there have been no days since the first days in which the whole community was so light hearted, though I hope some of us had an idea of the great future importance of the College in the world of music; certainly we possessed what the present generation of students now share with us, whole-hearted devotion to the College and eagerness



for its honour and glory ; qualities first derived from our Director and professors and emanating still, as both past and present will testify, in ever increasing bounteousness from a like source now as then.

ONE OF THE FIRST SCHOLARS

## College Concerts

"Custom reconciles to everything."—BURKE.

January 31, 1907 (Chamber).—The following is the programme :

1. QUARTET FOR STRINGS, in B flat major, op. 67 ... .. *Brahms*  
MAY HARRISON (Scholar), ENOCH PARSONS (Scholar), FRANK BRIDGE,  
MARION HARRISON (Exhibitioner).
2. SONGS ... ..  
a. Tears, idle tears ... .. *A. Sullivan*  
b. Ewig mein bleibt ... .. *Ed. Schütt*  
GLADYS VAN NIEKIRK
3. SONATA FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO, in F major, op. 24 ... .. *Beethoven*  
GLADYS RAYMOND (Exhibitioner), SYLVIA CAPEL-CURE (Exhibitioner).
4. SONGS ... ..  
a. Ruhe, meine Seele ... .. *R. Strauss*  
b. Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt ... .. *Tschaiakowsky*  
LILLIAN DAVIES
5. PIANO SOLOS ... ..  
a. Prelude in C minor ... .. } *C. V. Alkan*  
b. "Fa" ... .. }  
c. Étude (sur de fausses notes) ... .. *Rubinstein*  
WINIFRED GARDINER (Scholar).
6. SONG ... ..  
L'Eté ... .. *C. Chaminade*  
A. CHRISTA WOOD (Exhibitioner).
7. TRIO FOR PIANO AND STRINGS, in D major, op. 70, No. 1 ... .. *Beethoven*  
GRACE HUMPHERY (Scholar), ARTHUR BECKWITH (Scholar),  
F. GERSHOM PARKINGTON (Scholar).

### ACCOMPANISTS—

ALICE COTTON, A.R.C.M., ELLEN TUCKFIELD (Scholar).

February 13, 1907 (Chamber).—This is the second :—

1. QUINTET FOR PIANO AND STRINGS, in E flat, op. 44 ... .. *Schumann*  
EDGAR MACGREGOR (Scholar), LORNA DOWNING, MARJORIE BEER (Scholar),  
FRANK BRIDGE, F. GERSHOM PARKINGTON (Scholar).
2. SONG ... ..  
Like unto the damask rose ... .. *E. Elgar*  
FLORENCE ATKIN
3. QUARTET FOR STRINGS, in B flat ... .. *Mozart*  
FLORENCE JENNINGS (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M., MARJORIE BEER (Scholar),  
FRANK BRIDGE, F. GERSHOM PARKINGTON (Scholar).
4. SONGS ... ..  
a. Toglietemi la vita ancor ... .. *Alessandro Scarlatti*  
b. Chanson de Mai ... .. *G. Hubert*  
DOROTHY PURSER (Scholar).
5. TRIO FOR PIANO, VIOLIN AND HORN, in E flat, op. 40 ... .. *Brahms*  
JAMES FRISKIN (Scholar), MAY HARRISON (Scholar),  
ERNEST BUTTON (Scholar)

ACCOMPANIST ... .. ALICE COTTON, A.R.C.M.

*February 21, 1907 (Orchestral).*—The third is as under :—

1. OVERTURE ... .. Leonora, No. 1 ... .. *Beethoven*
2. DUET ... .. *Otello* (closing scene), Act I ... .. *Verdi*  
ADA B. RITCHIE, THOMAS WATSON
3. SYMPHONIC POEM FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA—Les Djinns ... .. *César Franck*  
JAMES FRISKIN (Scholar)
4. RECITATIVE AND AIR ... .. Dove Sono (*Figaro*) ... .. *Mozart*  
ETHEL DUTHOIT (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
5. SYMPHONY ... .. Fantastic ... .. *Berlioz*

CONDUCTOR—

SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.

*March 1, 1907 (Chamber).*—Here follows the fourth programme :—

1. QUARTET FOR STRINGS, in A minor, op. 41, No. 1 ... .. *Schumann*  
ESTHER CAPEL-CURE (Hon. Exhibitioner), MARJORIE BEER (Scholar),  
HERBERT KINZE, BEATRICE JONES (Scholar).
2. DUET ... .. Ai nostri monti ... .. *Verdi*  
DOROTHY MARTIN, A.R.C.M., MERLIN DAVIES (Scholar).
3. HARP SOLO ... .. Fantasia in A minor, op. 95 ... .. *C. Saint-Saëns*  
EDITH SCRUBY (Scholar).
4. RECIT. AND AIR ... .. Air de Lia ... .. *C. Debussy*  
MINNIE ARNOLD
5. SONATA FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO, in A ... .. *César Franck*  
A. THEODORA HUNTER, WINIFRED GARDINER (Scholar).
6. SONGS ... .. }  
a. Queen Mary's Song ... .. *E. Elgar*  
b. Shepherd's Song ... ..  
JESSIE HILL
7. QUARTET FOR PIANO AND STRINGS, in G minor, op. 25 ... .. *Brahms*  
ELLEN EDWARDS (Scholar), ARTHUR BECKWITH (Scholar), HERBERT KINZE,  
CHARLES WARWICK-EVANS (Scholar).

ACCOMPANISTS—

ALICE COTTON, A.R.C.M., ELLEN TUCKFIELD (Scholar).

*March 15, 1907 (Chamber).*—Below will be found particulars of the fifth concert :—

1. QUARTET FOR STRINGS, in C ... .. *Mozart*  
E. DOROTHY DEVIN (Scholar), A. THEODORA HUNTER, FRANK BRIDGE,  
F. GERSHOM PARKINGTON (Scholar).
2. SONGS ... .. }  
a. Aufenthalt ... .. *Schubert*  
b. Avenging and bright ... .. *Old Irish*  
DORA G. ARNELL (Exhibitioner).
- SONATA FOR VIOLONCELLO AND PIANO, in G, op. 5, No. 2 ... .. *Beethoven*  
F. GERSHOM PARKINGTON (Scholar), IOAN POWELL (Scholar).
4. SONGS ... .. Romanzen—VIII, II (*Magelone*) ... .. *Brahms*  
ROBERT CHIGNELL (Scholar).
5. ORGAN SOLO ... .. Fantasia and Toccata in D minor ... .. *C. V. Stanford*  
ERIC GRITTON (Scholar)



6. SONG ... .. Amoureuse ... .. J. Massenet  
BESSIE BOWNESS (Scholar).
7. QUARTET FOR PIANO AND STRINGS, in A major, op. 26 ... .. Brahms  
GRACE HUMPHERY (Scholar), LORNA DOWNING, FRANK BRIDGE,  
F. GERSHOM PARKINGTON (Scholar).

ACCOMPANISTS—

ALICE COTTON, A.R.C.M., ELLEN TUCKFIELD (Scholar).

*March 22, 1907 (Orchestral).*—The term's concerts concluded with the programme given below:—

1. OVERTURE AND INCIDENTAL MUSIC—Egmont ... .. Beethoven  
SOLOS—GLADYS HONEY (Scholar-elect).
2. RECIT. AND AIR ... .. Ombra mai fu (*Serse*) ... .. Handel  
MARIA YELLAND (Scholar).

IN memory of AUGUST MANNS (1825—1907).

3. MARCIA FUNEBRE sulla morte d'un eroe ... .. Beethoven  
(From Piano Sonata, op. 26; arranged for Orchestra by the Composer).

4. VIOLONCELLO SOLO ... .. Concertstück ... .. E. von Dohnanyi  
CHARLES WARWICK-EVANS (Scholar).

5. SYMPHONY in G minor (1788) ... .. Mozart

CONDUCTOR—

SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.

## Antonin Dvořák

"Music is nothing else but wild sounds civilised into time and tune."—FULLER.

Of all the composers whose achievements still live and flourish to testify to the activity and strength of music during the latter half of the nineteenth century, few have established so incontestable a claim to generous recognition as Antonin Dvořák. He is not to be numbered with the greatest masters, it is true, but to accord him a place of abiding prominence in the history of music is scarcely hazardous. The fact that he was the foremost representative of Czech characteristics has long been recognised. The story of his humble origin and early struggles has been told again and again, and is sure, as such stories always are, of a sympathetic reception. That he was intensely influenced by his surroundings, and that he embodied in his works many of the most salient qualities of the wild, natural music of his native peasantry, are circumstances of much interest, and, doubtless, go far to account for the attention which he has received and the popularity he

has gained. But, beyond these considerations, which, in themselves, are insufficient to create a title to solid fame and enduring worth, there are other facts of greater importance to be noticed.

Music is a universal language ; indeed it is more than a language —it is the only medium through which racial peculiarities can be brought forcibly before the outside world. Nothing is more remarkable in the music of modern times than the way in which these national characteristics have been allowed to assert themselves. The tendency has both its advantages and its disadvantages. Music without individuality is of little or no value ; if one is born into the world not only a musician but a Norwegian, or a Pole, or a Bohemian, a certain amount of one's individuality is, so to speak, 'ready-made.' The danger of peculiar national idiomatic expression is that it sometimes tends to narrow a composer's conceptions, and to prevent him from forming a personal style by imposing upon him what is merely a *manner*. Schumann, in one of his wise criticisms, told Nationalist composers that the 'narrow interest of the clod on which they are born must be sacrificed to the cosmopolitan.' This is perfectly true. And we shall find that the greatest of the composers whose ideas seem to be coloured by the folk-music of their own country make a universal appeal by means of a personal genius, tinged rather than dominated by national peculiarities. So it is with Dvořák. His work was not only a new embodiment of character, but singularly fertile in imagination, invariably spontaneous and natural, and ever direct in its appeal. The forms in which he uttered his message were generally the forms which had already been proved to be wise and sufficient by the great composers before him, so that his name was seldom associated with the storms of controversy such as raged around so many of those who sought to overthrow existing ideals before they were content to strive towards their own. The adherents to classic systems in music can therefore justly claim him as an exponent of their cherished methods, but the value of Dvořák's work is very little affected by such orthodox considerations, which must, in his case, be regarded as comparatively unimportant. It is strange, however, that a composer of such force and independence, to whom conventionalities of expression were evidently abhorrent, should have



sought so little to break through the conventions of construction. And stranger still, perhaps, that such conformity should have left the richness of his imagination unimpaired, and that he was able to indulge in national idioms, and the vagaries of expression which his nature dictated, without seeming to be in the least disturbed by his self-imposed restrictions. The fact remains that in all his larger instrumental movements the form he adopted was identical, in all essentials, with that which satisfied Beethoven, with whose music—in spite of the utter dissimilarity of temperament, ideas, and environment—he had an evident and palpable sympathy. He was above all things a natural, an unaffected composer; sometimes, maybe, he seemed to strive too little, and was contented to accept the promptings of a quick imagination which would not pause to think. But in almost everything that he wrote a distinct element of novelty prevailed, which did much to atone for occasional deficiencies in his critical judgment. Apart from the compositions in which Bohemian melodies were actually reproduced or paraphrased, the national temper constantly found prominent expression in a certain rhythmic wildness, and a fondness for fiery dance-measures, whilst the naïve simplicity of his quieter moments undoubtedly reflected a childlike nature, which drew sympathy from learned and unlearned alike. In these qualities lay the strength of his personality, and more than half of the secret of his greatness. What remained was a remarkable feeling for colour and contrast, and unfailing ingenuity and resource in the use of the orchestra. Here he was, indeed, unrivalled by any of his contemporaries. If instrumentation, as some maintain, be merely an accomplishment, Dvořák had learned his lessons to better purpose than some of the greatest musicians of all time. As far as the orchestra is concerned he is absolutely master of the situation: there are moments in his symphonic works when his lack of economic sense, and the insufficiency of his powers of self-criticism court disaster, but the tide of all these obstacles is combated easily and triumphantly by means of his complete command of the chosen medium of expression. At the opportune moment some brilliant stroke of colour will become forcibly apparent to justify what might, otherwise, have presented itself as a confession of weakness. If only for this reason, therefore, his orchestral works are his most satisfactory achievements; in these his strength

is most sure, his defects least visible. His operas are totally unknown in this country, but, if competent critics can be relied upon, his genius did not find its fullest expression in this department. His two chief choral works, 'The Spectre's Bride' and the 'Stabat Mater' (the former was first produced at an English provincial festival) were certainly proclaimed to be masterpieces, but our opportunities of becoming intimate with the music they contain have not been frequent. To most of us his symphonies and his overtures appear more truly representative. Such a work, for instance, as his last symphony, 'From the New World,'—which was the most important outcome of that phase of thought which prevailed in his mind when he sought, some years back, to found a definite style of music upon the melodies of the African races in America—will unquestionably live to preserve the memory of Dvořák for many generations to come. In England this symphony has, perhaps, hardly come in for its full meed of acknowledgment. The date of its production was unfortunate, for it was heard in London for the first time a few weeks after the 'Pathétique' symphony of Tschaiikowsky had taken the public by storm, and it suffered in consequence—not by comparison, for the two works are entirely unlike, but because concert-goers had been carried off their feet by the emotional qualities of the Russian masterpiece, and were not quite ready to be carried off their feet again. Certain critics discoursed upon what they termed the triviality of the thematic material, others pointed out the absurdity of Dvořák's supposed intention to base an American school of music upon tunes of African origin; some recognised the beauty and poetry of the slow-movement; but few, if any, pronounced the work to be a classic masterpiece of the first importance, or even regarded it as a really serious contribution to the domain of modern orchestral music. Yet it is, perhaps, the finest attainment of the composer's riper years, and quite possibly one of the last of that long series of great symphonies which began with Haydn—for that the aspect of orchestral music is radically changing is obvious to the most casual observer, and it is hard to say whither these changes may lead us.

As a writer of concerted music for the chamber, also, Dvořák occupies a conspicuous position. Chamber music would seem to be in danger of becoming a lost art. Certainly we can point to no living



composer of eminence who has contributed any work to this domain of equal importance with the Quintet in A, the pianoforte Trios, or the String Quartets of Dvořák. It is somewhat singular to find a composer with so great a love for colour and barbaric splendour completely successful in this department, but his concerted works for strings are not in any sense orchestral in conception, and they contain several novel features of interest. He was the inventor of the particular movements known as the 'Dumka,' a kind of Elegy, and the 'Furiant,' which is the title he sometimes gave to his scherzos, and denotes an adaptation of a Bohemian national dance to the purposes of serious instrumental composition.

That the genius of Antonin Dvořák will long be remembered as the outcome of the musical impulses of a spirited nation is a certainty. How far his fame will extend beyond this limit it is possibly unsafe to predict. That he strove to produce no strikingly new art forms, that he was content to sing as nature taught him with a voice that was often uncouth in its cadences, and that he refused to be influenced by the intellectual refinements and asceticism of a severer school,—all these things may be laid to his account. But posterity is sometimes quite unheeding of such matters, and has been known to bestow a fuller measure of appreciation upon some whose unpolished natural gifts were greater than the schooling of their intellect, than upon others who have trodden the beaten track with the steady tread of conscious mastery. Dvořák fought his way to the forefront of modern music by the sheer force of a determined personality, and won ample recognition from his contemporaries, and it is quite conceivable that, with all his faults, he may continue to delight the public, and to inspire his successors, when the present century draws to a close.

THOMAS F. DUNHILL.

---

### **The Royal Collegian Abroad.**

*"Wait not till I invite thee, but observe that I am glad to see thee  
when thou comest."—ROCHEPÈDRE.*

Miss Margaret Wishart was the violinist at Chev. C. de Lancelotti's concert at the Opera House, Malta, on Jan. 18th. Her principal solo was the Mendelssohn Concerto, accompanied by the orchestra of

the Theatre Royal. From the various enthusiastic reports which have reached us, it is evident that Miss Wishart scored a great artistic success, and ably upheld College traditions.

\* \* \*

Mr Gustav von Holst, who holds the post of Musical Director at the Passmore Edwardes Settlement, has re-formed his orchestra there, and it bids fair to be very successful. Practices are held on Friday evenings, and concerts given at the Settlement from time to time. A most enjoyable concert took place on March 24th, when the programme included a Haydn Symphony, and Mozart's Symphony in E flat major.

\* \* \*

Miss Ruth Aitken has just published two volumes of songs, which are dedicated to the Director. The songs are called 'Royalty and Rhyme,' and the words are by the composer's sister, Miss Beryl Aitken.

\* \* \*

It is gratifying to note that some of the London Chamber Music Clubs have been enterprising enough to include several recent works by College composers in their programmes. The New Chamber Music Club devoted an evening to British Composers, when the Cobbett prize 'Phantasie' for String Quartet by the late Mr Hurlstone, and Mr Thomas F. Dunhill's impressive Quintet in C minor for piano and strings were played, the performers on this occasion including four Collegians.

At a previous Club Concert a setting of Browning's poem, 'The Boy and the Angel,' for vocal quartet, string quartet, and pianoforte, by Mr W. H. Harris, was given for the first time, and produced a very favourable impression.

We received towards the end of last year a letter from Mrs Walters (Miss Marion Powell) which, owing to an oversight, was not mentioned in our last number. Mrs Walters expresses her pleasure at hearing that the R. C. M. Union has been started, and, as an old Collegian, wishes it every success. Her letter continues, 'When I was at Wynberg I met two or three old Collegians—Miss Browning and Miss King amongst them. Sir Walter Parratt examined the last year I sent

in my pupils at Wynberg. I left soon after, and since have been travelling about with my husband, who is an engineer, so have had little opportunity of hearing or doing anything in the way of music, and I feel quite out of touch. For this I welcome the Magazine very much as a link.' It is always pleasant to have expressions of appreciation of this sort.

\* \* \*

Miss Mabel Wilson-Ewer won golden opinions in her Violoncello Recital at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, last February.

\* \* \*

Miss Edith A. Parsons, a former scholar, gave a very successful concert on January 19, at Steinway Hall. Her programme included the seldom heard Nocturne, in E minor, of Chopin.

\* \* \*

Miss Mildred Jones has lately been on tour with Mischa Elman and Mr Charlton Keith, and has met with great success.

\* \* \*

Three new Idylls for String Quartet by Mr Frank Bridge were played by the Grimson Quartet at their concert at Bechstein Hall, on March 8th. They are well spoken of by the various critics who were present, and are charming works.

\* \* \*

Miss Helen Egerton gave a most successful concert at the Town Hall, Oxford, on February 16th, in conjunction with Mr Donald Francis Tovey. The programme included Beethoven's rarely heard Sonata in E flat major for Pianoforte and Violin, Op. 12, as well as a Sonata in F major by Mr Tovey for the same combination of instruments, and the Oxford papers all speak highly of Miss Egerton's performance of the Bach Chaconne.

\* \* \*

The School Concert given last Christmas at Lancing College was noteworthy for an excellent performance of Sir Hubert Parry's 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.' Disaster seemed to threaten at the last minute, for the regular accompanist, Mr Ogilvy, was unable to appear owing to illness, but Mr N. E. Hope (who is now one of the staff at Lancing)



came to the rescue in good College fashion, and gave a very satisfactory account of the piano part. Later in the programme, two part songs by Dr Walford Davies, and a carol by Mr S. P. Waddington were sung.

\* \* \*

Mr Frank Bridge's *Fantasia* in F minor was played by a quartet led by Miss Ida Stamm at a Strings Club Meeting on March 11th, at Leighton House.

\* \* \*

Mr Haydn Wood has recently been touring in Scotland, and is starting this spring for a seven months tour in Australia.

\* \* \*

Miss Phœbe Walters was responsible for the programme of a delightful invitation concert given by the Principal of the Royal Holloway College on March 12th. It took place amidst ideal surroundings in the Picture Gallery at the R.H.C., and proved a great success. Miss Walters was the pianist of the occasion, and violin duets, solos, and songs were contributed by Miss Helen Egerton, Miss Marion Scott, Miss Gladys Honey, and Miss Glazebrook, the last-named being the only non-Collegian. Bach's *Double Concerto* for two violins, and Brahms' *Rhapsodie* in B minor for pianoforte were included in the programme.

\* \* \*

We have before us a 'Peking and Tientsin Times' containing an account of a concert given by the Westminster Glee and Concert Party, which consists mainly of old Collegians—Mr Edward Branscombe, Mr Frederick Pitman, and Mr Sterndale Bennett. The report says:—

'To say that the Westminster Glee Singers have fully answered all Tientsin's expectations is to speak mildly. Their concert provoked such applause as has seldom been heard in Gordon Hall.'

It seems that the members of the party narrowly missed immortality, as in the account of the Peking concert the paper says—

'The concert was to have taken place on Friday, and it had been arranged by Mr Thomas, of the Robinson Piano Company, for the Glee Party to have performed before the Empress Dowager and the Imperial

Court; and this is significant, as it would have been the first time that European artistes had performed before the Chinese Court, but they had been unavoidably detained at Hankow to give a special performance there on St. Andrew's Day.

'Some official changes have taken place in the Palace since Sunday, and there is some difficulty in getting the matter arranged now.'

What a shame!!

\* \* \*

The many friends of Miss Kathleen Gibson will be pleased to hear that she has given her first concert, and has had a great artistic success. On her return to Dublin last summer Miss Gibson at once formed a piano quartet which worked together steadily for some months, and then appeared at this concert, surprising Dublin critics and musicians by their excellent ensemble and interpretation.

The Mozart G minor and Schumann's E flat major quartets were both played most delightfully, and Miss Gibson and Miss Annie Lord gave an excellent rendering of the difficult Beethoven Sonata No. 2, for 'cello and piano.

Miss Gibson and her 'cello have been warmly welcomed back to Dublin, and specially by the Royal Collegians working in that 'clean delightful city!'

\* \* \*

Miss Elsie I. Main, the child who won one of the two Free Open Violin Scholarships, awarded in February at the College, is a daughter of an old Collegian, Mr J. Henry Main. It is a matter of more than passing interest when one generation succeeds another in this fashion.

\* \* \*

We have pleasure in announcing the marriage of the Rev. Arnold Duncan Culley to Miss Granger, of Exeter, on September 4, 1906.

\* \* \*

Another marriage which will be of the greatest interest to many recent members of the College is that of Miss Mary Scholes with Mr Daniel S. Wood, another old Collegian.

\* \* \*

Mr Percy E. Medley writes with a newspaper cutting giving an interesting account of a Harvest Thanksgiving Festival in the

Commemoration Church in Grahamstown, South Africa, of which he is organist and choirmaster. He speaks regretfully of his inability to do much in public since leaving College, owing to ill-health; he asks at the same time for particulars of the R.C.M. Union, of which he is desirous of becoming a member.

### Sonnet

*(Evoked by a friend's criticism of the plot of 'Götterdämmerung'.)*

'Unfair,' you cry, when poets' truth is fain  
To bid the blameless suffer, and in dread  
Point to Cordelia, Hector, Siegfried dead,  
Until we seek to veil our eyes in vain.  
'Truly if portioning of joy and pain  
Made justice, men were not divinely led;  
For heroes walk this world uncomforted  
Now as of old, and small the meed they gain.

But they who those heroic paths have trod  
Above the common level mounting up—  
Know they of nought that doth outweigh the dole?  
Say, who of these would barter his vext soul  
—Though tenfold worse embittered were the cup—  
For eyes unlit and brows unkissed of God?

### Ivan

*"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Six o'clock on a snowy night. . . . An artist leaving his studio, paused to examine a bundle of rags heaped in a corner of the steps, and half buried in the drifting snow. He put forward his hand to examine more closely, and touched a motionless starveling face. 'Dead,' he muttered, as he lifted the bundle in his arms and turned back through the door from which he had just emerged.

\* \* \*

"Ivan, my boy, I have brought a lady to see you. Have a good look at her; she has promised to marry me soon, and then I shall have



just twice the number of people to take care of me, shan't I now?"

With a little laugh the lady held out her hand. Ivan glanced at her, gave four limp fingers, and lifted a white face to the first speaker.

"Yes, sir," he barely whispered. His lips trembled, and the hand which the lady held dropped to his side.

"Why Ivan, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Ye—no—no thank you, sir—I—I."

"Feeling a bit funny, eh? Well, just slip over to old Bottles and ask him to give you something to pull you together, and I'll see how you are when I come back with this lady to 'five o'clock.' 'Studio tea,' he added to the girl at his side. The boy turned his eyes slowly towards the pretty woman, and looked at her till her eyes fell before his disconcerting gaze.

"Well, Ivan, I didn't tell you to stare like that," laughed the man. "Moderation, you know, in everything."

The boy made his way to the door. Oh, how he hated her; he would kill her!

"What a funny boy. Wherever did you get him?" asked the pretty woman, as the door closed behind him.

"Picked him up five winters ago on the studio doorsteps; been my bodyguard ever since. I don't know what on earth I should do without him."

She turned to look out of the window. "Do you know," said she, "I believe he is jealous of me."

The man laughed incredulously. "Not he! Come along, we shall be late."

Ivan watched the pair depart, and crept down from his place of concealment on the landing above. Yes, he should certainly kill her. His small heart swelled with indignation at the injustice of this woman's claim to join in the care of his beloved master. No, she should not rob him of his right. Great tears filled his eyes as he buried his face in his arms and sobbed as though his heart were breaking.

When the first passion had subsided, the little fellow lay still across the table over which he had flung himself in his unreasoning grief. By and by the stupor seemed to leave him; he lifted his head

from his arms and looked round. He hardly remembered what had happened. Why did his head ache so? Ah, now he remembered—he was going to kill that woman—he must make his plans. She would come back with his master soon. He would wait for her and take his knife—the knife his dear master had given to him—and the blade should be thrust into her neck, and she would die. How he would gloat. He saw exactly how it should be done.

He looked up at the clock on the mantel-shelf. In half-an-hour they would be back expecting to find the studio tea ready. He knew better than his master where the best *tête-à-tête* china was to be found; but he prepared tea for one. He got out the beautiful Sèvres teapot and cup, for which his master had told him he paid five pounds ten, and bought it cheap at that; one of the beautiful old silver teaspoons, more valuable even than the Sèvres china, and which he, Ivan, cleaned so carefully every Friday; then the fine damask table-cloth which had been purchased once when an R.A.'s wife was to visit the studio, but had sent a telegram instead. No need to explain to his master why the occasion was honoured with the very best—of course not, he always understood everything so easily.

But they would be coming directly.

Yes, that was the familiar step. He took his clasp knife from his pocket and opened the biggest blade, as he crept on tip-toe to the head of the stairs. He would wait on the short upper flight leading to the studio door, and as the hateful woman passed up the lower flight he would stretch over and kill her. The stair-way was old-fashioned, and did not turn abruptly, so the space between the flights was considerable, but he could manage by keeping one foot twisted firmly in the bannisters.

Now she was nearly opposite to him. She turned to speak to the man below.

“Hungry, beloved?” he laughed back.

*Beloved!* The watcher started at the word, his blade glittered, and something bright flashed past the pretty face just beneath. Ah! he had struck too soon—he could not reach so far—his blow met no check, and the impetus jerked his foot from its safety hold.

Then, with a cry of horror, the woman saw a small body shoot past



her into the well of the staircase, falling with a sickening crash on the stone floor below.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Ivan!”

His master had lifted him in his strong arms, and the boy's eyelids flickered open for a last look at the dear face. Very tenderly a few minutes later the artist placed the lifeless little figure on a couch, and kneeling to unlock the hands still tightly clasped round his neck, he kissed the cold forehead. And the woman kneeling beside him uncovered her face for a moment to kiss the child lips, for she also loved greatly—and understood.

---

### The R.C.M. Magazine.

*“Go ye, get you straw where ye can find it; yet not ought of your work shall be diminished.”—EXODUS.*

We have talked enough about ourselves elsewhere in this number to make pardonable a modest reticence, even in our own exclusive corner, which we have always regarded as a safe retreat, where egotism is impossible. But our nerves are sadly shattered. The Physician, Circumstance, has prescribed a change of diet and less exercise, and we take our constitutionals with a chastened air; sometimes we fear arriving late for our meals. This last is certainly a matter requiring attention, and we will not accuse ourselves with the excuse of dilatoriness on the part of those upon whom we are dependent for our supplies. Whilst making no pretence of supporting ourselves, we have no preachments for those who do not contribute to our maintenance. In fact, we are in a very humble frame of mind, and we are prepared to gather the crumbs that fall from any table where there is bread. Dignity is all very well, but it scares the timid, and since the strong are bold to refuse as well as to lend their aid, we are not ashamed to appeal to the timid for our sustenance.

So, since we have a text, it shall be applied. Our readers are our masters; we, the obsequious servants. The masters must give their servants straw if they will have bricks. Everybody cannot write articles and poetry, but many can, and few there be who cannot from time to



time send some news which will interest; this is the manner of our straw. ! Our price has not gone up; we are still 1/9 post free.

### The Term's Awards

*"The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators."*—GIBBON.

The following Awards were made at the conclusion of the Easter Term, 1907 :—

1. COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS, £50—
 

Dorothy I. Greenway	(Piano)	...	...	£10 0 0
Jessie R. Patey	}	(Singing)	...	£10 0 0
Florence M. Atkin				
Gladys Raymond	}	(Violin)	...	£10 0 0
Lorna G. S. Downing				
2. THE CHARLOTTE HOLMES EXHIBITION, £15—  
Adina J. Newton (A.R.C.M.), Violin.
3. ORGAN EXTEMPORE PRIZE (value £3 3s)—  
Harold W. Rhodes (Scholar).
4. CHALLEN & SON GOLD MEDAL FOR PIANOFORTE PLAYING—  
Ellen C. Edwards (Scholar).
5. HENRY LESLIE (HEREFORDSHIRE PHILHARMONIC) PRIZE (£10) for Singers—  
Maria Yelland (Scholar).
6. ARTHUR SULLIVAN PRIZE (£5) for Composition—  
Frank H. Tapp (Scholar).
7. ELOCUTION CLASS—
 

Arthur H. Wynn (Scholar)	...	...	...	Director's Prize
Robert P. Chignell (Scholar)	...	...	...	Registrar's Prize
Lesley Gibson	...	...	...	{ Mr Cairns James's Improvement Prize
8. OPERATIC CLASS—
 

1st Prize, presented by A. Visetti, Esq.—  
Maria Yelland (Scholar)

2nd Prize, presented by Miss Fanny Heywood—  
Alice E. S. Moffat (Scholar).
9. THE CLEMENTI EXHIBITION (value about £28) for Pianoforte Playing—  
Adelaide E. Bonnar.
10. THE SCHOLEFIELD PRIZE (£3) for String Players—  
Charles H. Warwick-Evans (Scholar), Violoncello.
11. THE DANNREUTHER PRIZE (£9 9s) for the best performance of a Pianoforte Concerto with Orchestra—  
James Friskin (A.R.C.M.), (Scholar).
12. THE JOHN HOPKINSON MEDALS for Pianoforte Playing—
 

Gold Medal	...	...	...	Ellen C. Edwards (Scholar).
Silver Medal	...	...	...	Winifred M. Gardiner (Scholar).
13. THE ROYAL AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY SCHOLARSHIP was competed for and awarded to—  
Beatrice L. Lewthwaite (Singing)